

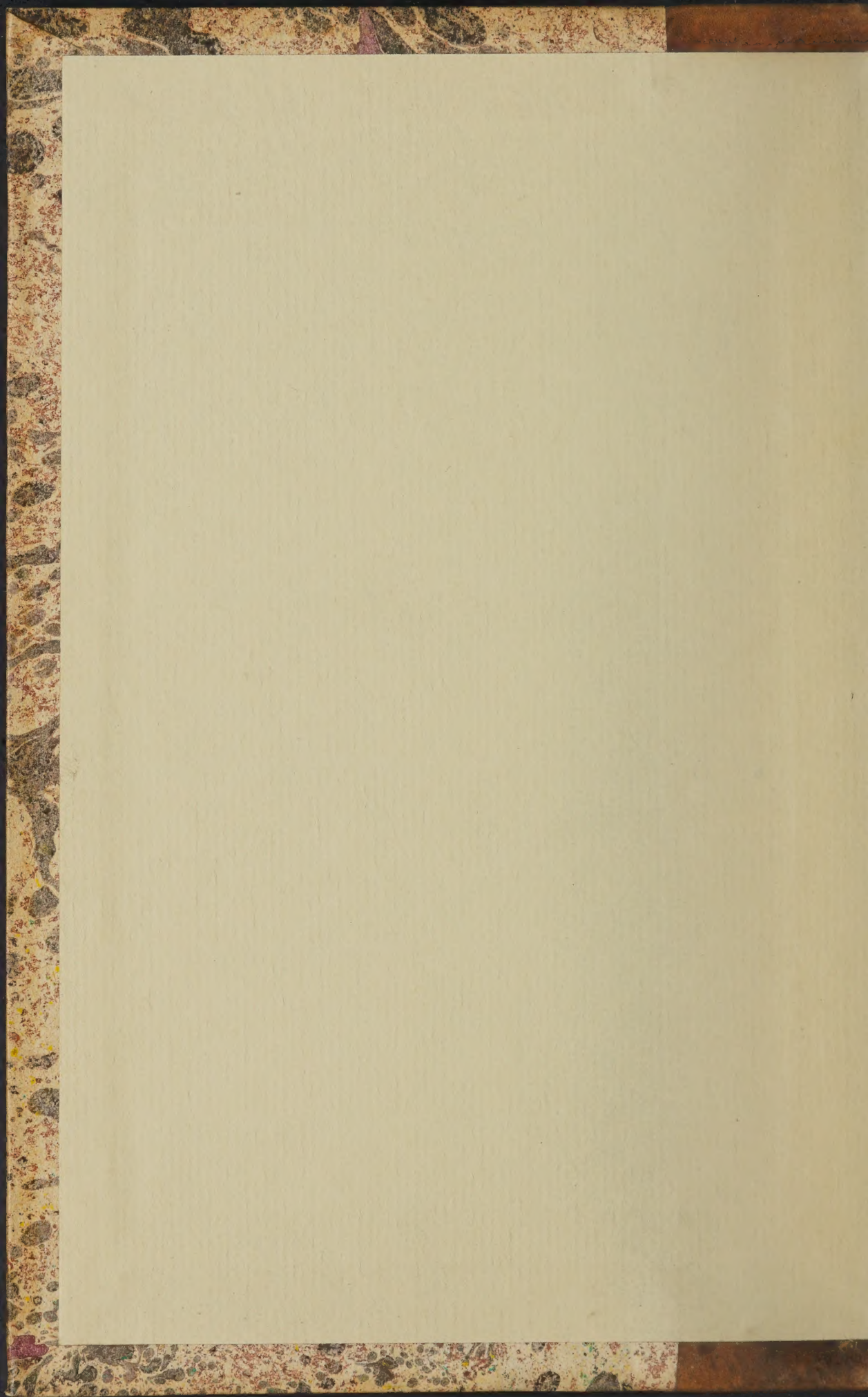


AN APOLOGY OF GENERAL G.

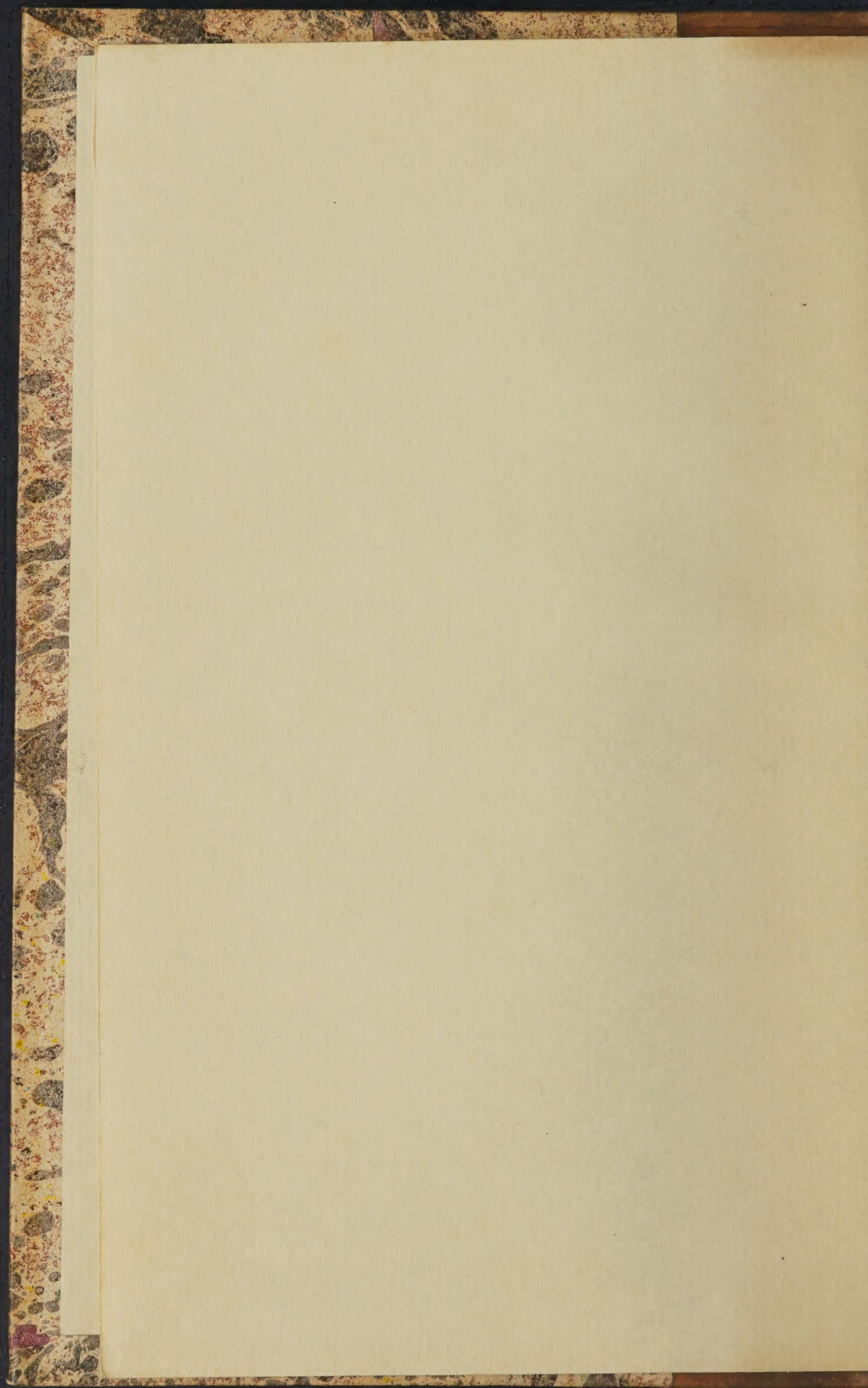








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AN
A P O L O G Y
FOR
THE LIFE
OF
MAJOR GENERAL G——,

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

CONTAINING

A full Explanation of the G—NN—G MYSTERY, and
of the Author's Connexion with Mr. D—BER—Y's
FAMILY of SOHO-SQUARE.

LATET ANGUIS IN HERBA.

London

PRINTED FOR J. RIDGWAY, YORK-STREET,
ST. JAMES'S-SQUARE.

1792.

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AN
APOLOGY

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PRINTED AND SOLD BY

PRINTED FOR A. BIRD, 108, N. 1ST ST.

ST. JAMES'S STREET.

1792.

AN
APOLOGY
FOR THE LIFE
Of GENERAL G——.

HOWEVER humiliating it may be for me to expose the picture of my life, and a series of events marked with folly and extravagance, I can no longer sit down contented under a load of obloquy, and see my errors deepened into their darkest shade, when a candid explanation may, perhaps, extenuate my guilt, and wipe off some part of that censure which has been wantonly cast upon my name. The envious and ill-natured disposition of one half the world is but too often employed to disturb the peace

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of

of the other. Man is at war with man from the moment of his birth, and seems only to rejoice when an opportunity offers to lessen his reputation, and ruin the tranquillity of his mind. I have suffered much from this unnatural and inhuman propensity. It is in vain that the dissipations of the world concealed from my eyes the defects and follies of my heart; they were marked, scrutinized, and censured by mankind; and at a moment when I least expected such a blow, a thousand friendly hands were stretched forth to tear off the dressings from my wounds, and expose them to the air in cruel fits of diversion. It is not sufficient that my follies have been shewn to the world in their darkest colours, they have been multiplied and blackened; and I have no other resource left to quiet the solicitude of my heart, than to appeal to the humanity of that world by which I have been already, perhaps, prejudged.

It is but too often the custom of persons who plead in their own defence, to cast a
veil

veil over their follies, and, while they admit the predominancy of a vice, lay its foundation on a virtue. But with me this vanity has ceased to please. I ask neither applause nor admiration. I write not to justify, but extenuate; and as I mean not, in the recapitulation of my life, either to gratify the impertinent curiosity of the vulgar, or subject my actions to the false conclusions of the ignorant; I shall but slightly touch upon many years of my life which were thrown away in the frivolous pursuits of folly and extravagance, and hasten on to that period when my actions and principles wore the air of mystery to the world, and became suspicious even in the eyes of my friends.

I am now arrived at that period of life when nothing can soften the reproaches of a broken heart but a sound and upright conscience, which the mortifying reflections of my own mind tell me I do not possess.— Let this confession silence the asperity of slander; and the picture of a debilitated

old man, struggling with the accumulated inconveniencies of sorrow, sickness, poverty, and distraction, repress the triumph of successful villany.—I shall cease to blush at the remembrance of my follies; if the relation of them can open the eyes of the rising generation, and teach them to shun the errors into which I have fallen.

It would be superfluous to mention my birth and splendid connexions.—The world is already acquainted with my origin, and the means by which those accumulated honors that dignified the female branches of my family were obtained. The beauty of my sisters was for years the theme of admiration, and it is no wonder it raised them from a state of dependance to grace the first dignities in the kingdom. Their beauty and situation were unequalled, and under the flattering auspices of their protection I was first introduced to the world. A scene of prosperity and pleasure now seemed to open on me, of which the less auspicious years of my early life had given me no anticipation.

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The pursuit of pleasure was the only business I engaged in, and the moments seemed to glide away without a care to interrupt them.—I saw myself courted and admired on every hand; the men prevented my desires of pleasure by new scenes of dissipation, and the women exempted my heart from the little pangs of doubt and expectation by granting their favors almost unsolicited.—While I was thus employed in imbibing these intoxicating pleasures, I had neither time nor inclination to examine the situation of my affairs. My expences far exceeded the income of my estate, which scarce amounted to five hundred pounds per annum, and was left at the death of my father charged with a mortgage of four thousand pounds, besides a number of less considerable debts. It is true, the affluence and affection of my sisters left me no reason to complain of pecuniary embarrassments: but their generosity was exceeded by my extravagance: and I often repined and cursed my fate, in the midst of the most promising scenes of prosperity, for not rendering me capable.

capable of enjoyments, which, but a few years before, my most extravagant ideas could have formed no conception of, and would have appeared, had they been depicted, like a vision to my mind. From hence I may date all the succeeding misfortunes of my life,

The dissipation of these hours sunk deep into my heart ; and neither a sense of its impropriety, age, nor poverty, has been able to divest it of its fascinating complexion, and wipe it from my mind.

The beauty which exalted and aggrandized one part of the family has been the ruin of the other. Had my sisters never possessed those infatuating charms, I might have been happy in the inheritance I was born to enjoy, and sunk into my grave without the curses of injured virtue on my head : but the fatality of their perfections, which drew me into the vortex of dissipation, was intended for my destruction ; and I now feel
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the full force of those evils I have so often despised.

My conduct now became more and more culpable. The most eccentric absurdities and extravagancies filled up the measure of my days, and my nights were marked with abominations too horrid to repeat. No violation of morality was too shocking to be performed;—no scheme of perfidy too dark to be embraced: when my friends, alarmed at the dissipated course of life I was leading, and apprehensive of the ruin which threatened me, procured me a commission in the army—in hopes a change of place and difference of society might cure me of my extravagance. But this was only removing me from the stream to the fountain head. I had before tasted of folly; but here I drank my fill, and was initiated into the more refined mysteries of the debauchee. I now despised my former superficial knowledge of iniquity, which had been gleaned in the brothels, gaming-houses, &c. in the metropolis; and sat down to study methodically *a system of seduction,*
&c.

&c. which had been laid down for the instruction of military novices. I made a rapid progress in this delightful science, and, joining practice to theory, passed the time allotted for my probation with great *eclat*, and was at length esteemed one of the most successful and strenuous supporters of the society.

My library chiefly consisted of such books as tend to vitiate the mind, and debauch the understanding. *L—d C———d's Letters* and *C——a H——w* were generally my morning's amusement. From the former I learnt all the *ARCANA* and inexpressible refinements of a man of intrigue, and from the latter all the principles and practice of *an accomplished v——n*. The spirit of *L——s* took possession of my bosom; a congeniality of sentiment and coincidence of desires made me in love with his character, and I could not help admiring a picture which bore so strong a resemblance to *myself*. *Alexander the Great* could not esteem the *Iliad* more than I did these *precious volumes*. They were my study by day, and my pillow by night; and

and as *Alexander* endeavoured to form himself on the model of *Achilles*, so I pursued the more pleasing though not less arduous task of imitating *the divine Loveless*. My success was equal to my most flattering anticipations. My desires were scarce excited before they were gratified ; and I might ten times in twelve stand over the ruins of the virtue I had destroyed, and exclaim with *Cæsar*, VENI, VIDI, VICI.

My hours now passed away on the golden wings of love: every night brought its pleasure, and every day happy reflections on the past, or joyful anticipations of the future. *Debauched, false, and dissembling*, under an air of mildness and timidity I concealed the most dangerous and vicious passions, and every hour was devoted to perfect myself in the art of dissimulation, and the most successful methods of ingratiating myself with the women, that I might render them subservient to my pleasures. I found the air of ingenuous modesty I had assumed was the most seductive snare ; it procured me confidence and esteem, and an

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opportunity of taking a thousand little liberties with almost every woman, which tended to excite her passions without alarming her delicacy.

I very soon learnt that the rude and impetuous blunders of forward impudence never fail to disgust. To publish your intention is to place a woman on her guard, and to leave her in full possession of her reason to oppose and circumvent your designs. The road to success is much more easy, though less perceptible. It consists in a thousand little inexpressibles utterly incomprehensible to a vulgar mind, and is made up of all the insinuating relatives of tenderness, deference, and adulation. These intoxicating offerings, as efficacious as the sop of *Cerberus*, charm the dragon *Honor* to rest, and open the way to victory and pleasure.

It is a matter of astonishment to me, that the generality of men should be so shamefully ignorant of human nature, as to misconceive their duty so grossly in this particular.

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To imagine the voice alone has the power of seduction is ridiculous—'Tis the eyes, 'tis the soul which must speak through them, that can convey the pleasing infatuation. What a want of knowledge in this branch of commerce a man betrays, says *Sterne*, who ever lets the word LOVE come out of his lips till an hour or two at least after the time that his silence upon it becomes tormenting!—*A course of small quiet attentions, not so pointed as to alarm—nor so vague as to be misunderstood—with now and then a look of kindness, and little or nothing said upon it—leaves Nature for your mistress, and she fashions it to her mind.*

This is the only true definition of that part of the art of insinuation called MAKING LOVE, that ever I met with. It is the precept of nature as well as the seducer, and has, when put in practice, conquered the pride and infensibility of many a heart that no other method could subdue. A man must STOOP to conquer, and must FALL to rise. It is but the debasement of a moment, and the hours of pleasure that follow it are surely

a sufficient recompense for his temporary submission.

I have had innumerable opportunities to observe the little prejudices and dispositions of the female heart. I know the falsehood, the dissipation and eccentricities that are engrafted there, and how few are devoted to promote the felicity of a man who is incapable of making them any return by contributing to their interest or their pleasure, or even the gratification of their vanity. They must be soothed and flattered to their ruin. There is something so shocking in the consequences of seduction to a female mind of any delicacy, that it requires the utmost ingenuity to conceal the snare, and play with the passions, till reason has no longer the power to oppose you.

An apparent modesty, joined with an insinuating aspect and a melodious voice, is the most dangerous weapon of a designing man. Women cannot endure us when we demand their approbation as our due, and look as if we would bully them into a compliance

pliance with our desires. The great business of their life is love, and the disposal of their hearts the principal incident in their history. It is not wonderful, therefore, that they look upon every incitement of passion as a matter of such moment, and require us to accept their hearts as the most peculiar favour. Besides, there is a pride and pleasure in conferring an obligation highly flattering to their vanity; and they are naturally inclined to love those whose meekness and submission give them an opportunity of exerting their power, and enjoying an imaginary triumph.

The lesser arts of insinuation are known to almost every man, and practised upon almost every woman. The common-place method of complimenting their understanding, and their beauty, and their taste, and their follies, and their vices, &c. &c. is all very deceitful, and of course very pleasing; neither is the more expensive method of making presents to be despised. Women are in general pleased with toys, and men lose nothing by
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their liberality in this particular ; for *Shenstone* justly observes, the making presents to a woman one addresses, is like throwing armour into an enemy's camp, with a resolution to recover it.

I must here observe, that the common-place observations of moralists upon the vicious appetites of men, and the virtuous inclinations of women, are equally false and ridiculous. The one are neither so faultless nor the other so guilty as they are represented. The levity, indiscretion, and, perhaps, indelicacy of the women are the principal source of their misfortunes. Their reliance on their own prudence is the rock on which they generally split ; and the sentiment, that a woman may allow all innocent freedoms provided her virtue is secure, is both grossly indelicate and dangerous, and has proved fatal to many of the sex.

That confident ease and unabashed countenance, which seem to set the world at defiance, and which the ladies have adopted
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to complete the hostile appearance they take so much pride to betray, are as disgusting to a man of sense and delicacy of feeling, as that indiscriminate attention, that unmeaning simper, which smiles on all alike, and arises either from an awkward affectation of softness and susceptibility, or a perfect insipidity. One of the chief beauties in the female character is that modest reserve, that retiring delicacy, which avoids the public eye, and is disconcerted even at the gaze of admiration. I do not mean to insinuate that an insensibility to applause is amiable and praise-worthy. That would be to be devoid of feeling, which is one of the loveliest ornaments of the sex ; but there is a medium to be observed, which every woman of penetration may easily discover.

An air of modesty is the most insinuating address ; and if a woman knew the value of such a charm, and the power it would give her, she would not barter it for all the affected airs, delusive glances, and wanton lips of the most accomplished coquette.

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The power of a fine woman over the hearts of men, and of men of the finest parts, is inconceivable; and even beyond the flattering representations of her most sanguine hopes. They are struck with love and admiration, and a thousand agreeable emotions of tenderness and passion overwhelm their minds: they see the delusive path they are pursuing, and are sensible of the illusion that misleads them, but they cannot, nor do they wish to dissolve it. But if she is determined to dispel the charm, neither the magic of her beauty, nor the infatuation it inspired, can prevent it; and she may soon reduce the angel to a very ordinary girl.

A fine woman, like all other fine things in nature, has her proper points of view, from which she may be seen to most advantage. To fix this point requires great judgment, and an intimate knowledge of the human heart. By the present mode of female manners, the women seem to expect that they shall regain their ascendancy over us by the fullest display of their personal charms;

charms ; by a little licentiousness of conduct and expression ; and by priding themselves on the imitation of our most culpable eccentricities. But a very little time and experience will shew the folly of this expectation.

Women are little aware of the jealousy of man, and how satirically he comments upon every the smallest deviation from those bounds which are laid down as the only proper sphere of their action. The most innocent expression is obnoxious to perversion ; every look, every motion, has its signification ; and the most ill-natured constructions are put upon every action that is open to a false conclusion.

A woman must be strangely infatuated indeed, who thinks to recommend herself to our sex by an almost total renunciation of her own.——THE AGE OF CHIVALRY IS GONE. Our modern race of heroes do not hold it necessary to go forth on romantic expeditions of knight-errantry, to bring home

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proofs

proofs of their valour to lay at the feet of their mistresses; nor to see the object of their adoration armed cap-a-pee, ready to put their courage to the test, and dispute every inch of ground before she yields up the possession of her person. If the blood of *Alexander* no longer animates the veins of one part of the creation, the heart of the *Amazon* should cease to beat in the other.

We so naturally associate the idea of female softness and delicacy with a correspondent delicacy of constitution, that the want of it is disgusting in the extreme, and a proof of that hard and masculine spirit, which of all a woman's faults we dislike the most.

When a girl ceases to blush, she has lost the most powerful incentive of passion, and the most alluring charm of beauty.—That extreme sensibility which it indicates may be a weakness and incumbrance in our sex, *as I have often felt*; but in hers it is peculiarly engaging. Pedants, who think them-

themselves philosophers, ask why a woman should blush when she is conscious of no crime? It is a sufficient answer, that nature has made her to blush when she is guilty of no fault, and has forced us to love her because she does so.—Blushing has been called the robe of virtue ; and is so far from being necessarily an attendant on guilt, that it is the usual companion of innocence.

The world may probably smile at reading lectures of this nature from the pen of a *professed* ————: but it should be remembered, that folly has no longer the charm for me it once possessed. I am not now drawing the outlines of intrigues which I have not the power to accomplish, nor writing precepts of seduction in the profligate spirit of youthful iniquity. My intention is only to point out the errors into which I have fallen, and the rocks on which I split. Should others be tempted into these dangerous paths, they may learn from my example to shun my evils ; and, by attending to what I write, may hear, for once in their

lives at least, the genuine sentiments of a man who has no longer any interest in flattering or deceiving the world.

From the very early opportunities I had of learning the false and hypocritical spirit of mankind, I have been in a state of warfare with the happiness of the whole universe almost ever since my birth. And what is there in the society of so depraved a world, that I should be tempted, for its sake, to mortify my senses, and give up their sweetest gratification to its felicity and ease? All the people I see, are too much engrossed by schemes of interest or ambition, to have any room left for sentiment or friendship. Conversation is reduced to party disputes, and illiberal altercation; and social commerce sullied with envy, malevolence, and intrigue. Every person you deal with endeavours to over-reach you in the way of business; you are preyed upon by sharpers and idle mendicants, who pick your pockets for the *love of God*, and live upon the spoils of the stranger. Your tradesmen are with-
out

out conscience, your friends without affection, and your dependants without fidelity. The most innocent man in appearance is generally the greatest rogue; and in the end proves either a tartar, a spy, or a lunatic.

In such a world, what has a man to do with honesty? The thought of such universal depravity is a comfort to me in my present dejection, and an alleviation to those bitter reflections which sometimes shoot across my mind. But I have done with the science of men; and though my natural inconstancy of disposition, and love of dissipation, may sometimes transport me into the vortex of folly, I shall only return with a more complete contempt of one part of the world, and detestation of the other. Every thing that is to be seen, and heard, and felt, in that reservoir of knavery, falsehood, and sophistification, is only a greater inducement to the mind to detest and renounce it for ever.

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But it is time that I should turn from general to particular vices, and recall to my mind those scenes of dissipation which employed the most considerable part of my life.

I have already said, that gallantry was the great object to which all my thoughts, studies, and accomplishments were directed; and here I might gratify perhaps the curiosity of one part of the world, and the malevolent disposition of the other, by relating the history of the numberless adventures I have known in the course of my pleasures; but at present I am not disposed to furnish food to either the licentious or splenetic blockhead, and shall only relate such anecdotes as please my own fancy, without studying to gratify an ungrateful world, to which I owe nothing but hatred and detestation.

It is certain that a man of parts, sentiment, and address, if he lays aside all regard to truth and humanity, may engage the hearts

hearts of fifty women at the same time : it is therefore no wonder that, assisted by their own love of admiration (which by the bye has been the ruin of thousands of women of the best hearts, and the finest accomplishments), I should triumph over the virtue of almost every woman I assailed.

In a practice of forty years and upwards, I have scarcely known what it is to fail in a single instance ; and have during that period enjoyed the favors and full possession of the most accomplished and lovely women of the age. And even now, emaciated, crippled, and worn out as I am with length of years, debauchery, and disease, there are women, devoid of neither youth nor beauty, who hear my voice with admiration, and behold my person with desire.

It was not sufficient that, in the course of my amours, I should have women to gratify the desires of my sensuality. My heart was too delicate to yield itself to any thing but the

the impresson of beauty in its most lovely shape ; and however my appetite might have been palled by continual enjoyments, my taste remained pure and unfullied.

The gratification of sensuality alone never gave pleasure to my heart. I required a softer interest, a more intimate connexion with the object of my desire, than ever I could form with women who were not eminently blessed with the fascinating power of personal perfection. Nothing but beauty could infatuate and attach me ; and to possess it, I have suffered as many changes, and metamorphosed myself into as many shapes, as ever *Proteus* assumed. No difficulty, no obstacle could impede my desires ; and the absurdities I have committed to accomplish my ends are almost incredible.

As it suited my convenience, I have been an atheist and a devotee—a philosopher and a rake—a parson—a player—a cynic, a conjuror—a patriot—a courtier—a footman
—a moun-

—a mountebank—a pedlar—a mendicant and a prince—and almost every other character that is to be found in the extremities of human nature.—I have been of all religions, and of all sects—I have kneeled with the Roman catholic at the figure of her faint, and cursed with the pious protestant, in the devotion of my heart, all idolatry and superstition.—I have raised my voice with the violent declaimer of eternal damnation, and have groaned in spirit, and professed charity towards all mankind, with the self-humiliated quaker.—I have renounced the articles of faith, and talked of predestination; and have broke of the bread and drank of the cup of the modest puritan.—Nay, I have been drenched in a consecrated horse-pond, for the sake of a pretty anabaptist; and actually suffered the pain of circumcision, to obtain a fair jewess, who possessed some of the *prettiest diamonds* and sweetest features that ever I met with in any one woman.

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It is not to be wondered at that, among such a variety of characters, I should have tasted all the richest enjoyments sensuality can bestow, and been pretty deeply read in the prejudices, follies, dissipations, and irregularities of the human heart.

Let the dull and unimpassioned moralist enjoy the felicity of virtue, and spend a life of serenity and peace in the undissipated shades of monastic glooms. I envy him not the philosophic tenor of his mind, the dull sensations that preserve him from the temptation of pleasure, nor the pulse that vibrates but with the motion of a heart which is regulated by the calm influence of sanctity, stupidity, and superstition. With a soul devoted to pleasure, I have flown, not struggled through the world; and now, standing as I am upon the very extremity of human nature, I cannot keep my eyes from turning back to gaze upon the lovely phantoms of those scenes, which continued in a
most

most beautiful succession from the morning to the meridian of my life, and still shine with almost undiminished lustre on the evening of my days.

I thought my repentance of folly had been sincere; but I find it impossible to destroy the temper of the mind. Images once impressed upon the memory will be rising of themselves from time to time, though we give them no encouragement; as the tossings and fluctuations of the water continue several hours after the wind is laid.

Human nature cannot abide long in the same humour; and those that seem to be always even-tempered people, like the *Caspian* sea without ebb or flow, are only counterfeits and politicians. There is an art to conceal one's passions, but there is none that can annihilate them. We change from one affection, appetite, and desire to another. Our inclinations circulate with our blood: they are transformed each minute, hour,

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and day ; and are as fickle as the winds of heaven.

I am convinced it is vain to struggle against the disposition that nature has given us. The efforts of virtue on a depraved mind are too often faint and ineffectual ; and all its effects are discoloured and tinged with the darkened shades of the heart. The stream cannot be pure when the fountain is polluted. The strange infatuation of vice is almost incredible ; and where folly has once set its impress, neither time nor reason can eradicate its features from the soul. It is recorded of *Barbara* the empress, wife to *Sigismund*, another *Messalina*, that after her husband's death, her confessor advising her to reform her manners and live more chastely, like the turtle, she answered, " If I must imitate the life of birds, why not a *sparrow* as well as a turtle ?"

But to return from this digression. To give a perfect relation of all the intrigues in which I have been concerned, and the
little

little anecdotes annexed to them, would require volumes; and I intend to throw away but a very few pages in the events of a life which is scarcely worth recording. I shall, however, slightly touch upon some circumstances that have made a deeper impression than others; and among the rest shall submit to the world the following list of women, whose virtue was not proof against the united efforts of *opportunity* and *importunity*.

I shall give these ladies, not according to the several periods at which they were devoted to my pleasures, but according to their rank in the world; that their pride at least may be preserved inviolate, however their reputation may have suffered by the event.

TWO DUCHESSES—One English, and one French.

FOURTEEN COUNTESSSES—Five English, two Irish, one French, and six German.

FOUR VISCOUNTESSES—All British.

SEVEN BARONESES—Three English, two Scotch, and two Irish.

BARONETS' LADIES, thirteen—Seven English, four Scotch, and two Irish.

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LORD MAYORS', KNIGHTS', and ALDERMEN'S WIVES,
five—All British.

'SQUIRES' LADIES, twenty—Mostly British.

PEERS' DAUGHTERS, *unmarried*, fourteen — English,
Scotch, and Irish.

DESCENDANTS of PEERS, *in the third and fourth generation*, twenty-one—Ditto, ditto, ditto.

YOUNG LADIES, *without any pretensions to nobility*,
twenty-seven—English, Irish, Scotch, French,
Dutch, and Americans.

MAIDS of HONOUR, five—All British.

OLD MAIDS, one—Strong Spanish, with a dash of the
Irish and Scotch.

UNDISTINGUISHED WIDOWS, eleven—Of all countries,
and of all ages and descriptions.

Thus the sum total of my amours, as nearly as I can calculate, amounts to sixty-six married women; sixty-two virgins; five maids of honour, who are neither one thing nor the other; one old maid; and eleven widows; in all, amounting to the grand sum of ONE HUNDRED AND FORTY-FIVE PERSONS.

My descendants are almost as numerous as my conquests; many of them I never
saw,

saw, but those which I know of may come under the following description, *viz.*

TWO CARDINALS,
ONE BISHOP,
ONE DUKE,
FOUR EARLS,
TWO VISCOUNTS,
SIX BARONS,
NINE BARONETS,
TWO LORD MAYORS,
TWO ALDERMEN,
ONE SHERIFF,
NINETEEN ESQUIRES,
THREE PHYSICIANS,
SEVEN BARRISTERS,
A DISSENTING PARSON,
A JEWISH RABBI,
A TRADING JUSTICE,
A REPUBLICAN*,

TWENTY-

* This fellow, of all my descendants, is the one I most dislike. He is the crude fruit of an old maid (*vide the catalogue de mes petites Mechantes*) begotten in disgust, and brought forth in a fit of the spleen. The world may be surpris'd, perhaps, that I could so far conquer the delicacy of my taste, as to submit to a connexion of so diabolical a nature; but it was a case of compassion, of caprice, of fickleness, or of what you will. I wanted, in short, to break the pride and subdue the prudery of such an animal,

TWENTY-FOUR YOUNGER BROTHERS,
 THIRTY-SEVEN NON-DESCRIPTS,
 And ELEVEN GERMAN COUNTS, every one of whom has
 killed his man, to prove the purity of his blood,
 and the antiquity of his family.

I have not here mentioned any of my progeny in the female line. It is very extensive, I believe ; but as I never had either any inclination or opportunity to enter into the merits of these ladies, I have by neglect entirely forgot their number, as well as

mal, and to see what the offspring of so strange a concatenation would produce ; but I have paid severely for my curiosity, by giving being to a dogmatical cynic, that has been pestering the world with his schisms and quibbles ever since he could snarl. This *extract of verjuice* seems only to delight in the contempt of the laws, the ruin of nations, and the rooting up of monarchies ; and we may say of him, as some wit said of the famous Dr. Kenrick, “ He drinks *aqua-vitæ*, and spits *aqua-fortis*.” The fellow appeared in the world at first with a tolerable share of *Common Sense*, but it has all evaporated, I fear, in his ridiculous fables of the *Rights of Man*. I will not venture to prophesy his exit from the world ; but as he was begotten and came into it with infinite PAIN, it is probable, if he meets his deserts, he will leave it with sensations of a similar nature.

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gered, fought, and conquered.—Under the name of a gentleman, I wore an appearance of modesty and assurance, which claimed both attention and respect. And with the frivolous *badinage* of a *petit-maitre*, I softened both the austerity of the hero and the reserve of the gentleman ; and related the common-place chit-chat of the day with such pretty tones and such insinuating looks, that I have often been attended to with admiration in these empty rhapsodies, when virtue and good sense have been totally disregarded.

In the character of a *petit-maitre* a man ever appears to the best advantage in the eyes of a woman. It is an imitation of herself, and never lays a man under the imputation of being a conjuror ; though it requires a considerable degree of knowledge and acuteness to perform it with dexterity. In this character I have sported away many hours of my life, and received more smiles than ever shone upon me in any other situation.

I have

I have wantoned round a lady's toilet, with all the antics of an amorous monkey, for hours together. I have disposed her curls, her patches, and her pins. I have fuited her ribbands to her complexion, and sometimes her complexion to her ribbands. I have criticised on muslins and cambrics for an hour at a time, and given a lecture on the properties of ice-cream and whipt-fillabub to admiration. I have divided her dress into a hundred parts, and given her the history of each particular; describing her muff and fan as coming together from the different ends of the earth—her scarf from the torrid zone, her tippet from beneath the pole—her brocade petticoat from the mines of *Peru*, and her diamond necklace from the bowels of *Indostan*. I was always perfectly instructed in the follies and fashions of the day; knew every minute circumstance of every domestic tiff, every fashionable *faux pas*, and could tell to a nicety the dress of the most fanciful lady, the airs of the most affected gentleman, and

the form, history, and dimensions of every new trinket, &c.

These things will of course appear trifling to a person who is unacquainted with their influence on the female sex; but still they are the most important points of learning to a man of intrigue; and as necessary to be acquired before he can take his degree in the court of Love, as ethicks are to a doctor of divinity, before he is approved by the university of *Cambridge*.

“No flattery,” says Lord *Chesterfield*, “is too gross for a woman to swallow;” and he might have added, no trifling too insignificant to delight her.

As a proof of this, I beg leave to mention a circumstance which obtained me the possession of the countess of — when the most ingenious devices had failed, and at the very moment she was in the zenith of power, and beheld every eye sparkling with love and admiration of her beauty.

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I had watched the glances and gratified the desires of this lady for above a month together, with as much solicitude and devotion as a pilgrim at the shrine of his saint ; but this elevated beauty was as deaf to my solicitations, as any saint in the calendar to the oraisons of enthusiastic folly. I had exhibited all the little hypocritical arts of insinuation in vain ; when one day, tired and chagrined at her indifference, I caught her little favorite child to my breast, and lavished those kisses upon his lips which I would fain have imprinted upon his mother's. The countess's eyes sparkled with delight as I embraced her child ; but when she saw me take my handkerchief from my pocket and wipe his nose, which was dirty, she could no longer contain the tenderness of her heart. I beheld her delight with the most triumphant satisfaction ; and, taking her at the critical moment, pleaded my cause with so much passion, tenderness, and persuasion, that she had not power to withstand me, and I was gratified to the utmost extent of my desires. Thus wiping the
wet

wet nose of a squalling little brat, gained me the possession of the finest woman in Europe.

Before I relate any of those little histories of my amours which I intend to throw into this work, I must observe, that the stigma usually cast upon a woman whose passions prompt her to deviate from the path of rectitude, partakes in a great measure of that malevolence and spirit of satire that almost every creature in the universe levels against another. People seldom trouble themselves with more than a superficial view of things, and too often pronounce judgment without entering into the merits of the cause.

How often is a woman bound by the chain of matrimony to a man, whose every idea, word, and action, is a wound to the feelings of her heart ! Instead of meeting with sense, delicacy, and tenderness ; a lover, a friend, and a pleasurable companion in a husband, she may be tired with dulness and insipidity ; shocked with indelicacy ; or mortified

tified by indifference. Thus situated, she will find none to compassionate, or even understand her sufferings. The world will laugh at her delicacies, and call her objections chimerical; but should she take the law into her own hands, and revenge herself for the infidelity of her husband, and reap that pleasure her parents denied her, by giving way to the tenderness of her heart, the world immediately loaths the sound of her voice, and shuts her from its society. Her footsteps are marked with pollution, and the very air she breathes is looked upon as contaminated. “Whip me such stoics, Great Governor of Nature!” and give me rather to wear for ever the yoke of bondage on my neck, than the weight of such fetters on my soul!

I, who was never an advocate for matrimony, still look upon it as the most abominable species of slavery; and in the younger part of my life thought it a virtue to divert the melancholy moments of those
whose

whose inauspicious stars had placed them under its malignant influence.

Among the many occurrences I have experienced of this nature, I cannot avoid the temptation I feel to relate the following story:

Some years ago, when I was in *America*, I was introduced one evening at a ball to a lady, whose beauty, tone of voice, and expression were the most infatuating that can possibly be conceived. My heart did not remain a moment insensible to her perfections. The instant that gave her to my eyes impressed her image on my soul; and the conversation of a few minutes so entirely captivated me, that she could not but discover the almost universal agitation I was thrown into whenever our eyes encountered each other. The hours seemed to glide imperceptibly away while I hung in a fit of transport on the music of her tongue; and when the moment of our separation arrived,

arrived, I thought I beheld a melancholy thoughtfulness in her aspect, which seemed to express all the tenderness I could wish for.

I handed her to her carriage; and when I pressed her hand at bidding her adieu, she softly returned the pressure with a blush of timidity which so entirely fascinated me, that I had not the power to move from the spot till some time after her carriage had vanished from my sight.

It was in vain I endeavoured to close my eyes, and flatter myself with future opportunities of accomplishing the desires of my heart. The thought of her husband's watchfulness, who I had learnt was jealous of her to distraction, disturbed my repose, and placed so many obstacles in the way of my felicity, that the night was passed in the utmost torment and agitation.

In the morning I formed a thousand romantic schemes to ingratiate myself with
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the husband of my mistress ; but the surly and jealous disposition of the brute rendered them all impracticable. For about a fortnight I remained in the most tormenting perplexity, being deprived the whole time of the sight of my lovely innamorata. At length, however, the idea occurred to me of engaging myself in her service, and I put it in execution in the following manner :

I sent for her footman, and, pretending that I knew some of his connexions, offered to take him into my service as my valet-de-chambre, and make his salary much more considerable than I knew the profits of his place at that time could possibly amount to. The fellow immediately closed with my proposal ; gave in his resignation, agreeably to my desire, and entered upon his new employment the same day.

Thus far my success was as splendid as I could wish. My next care was to procure leave of absence from my regiment, which I easily obtained ; and telling my servants I
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was going for some time to a distant part of the country, ordered a few articles of linen, &c. to be packed up and conveyed to a place I had provided for the purpose; then dressing myself in a suit of plain clothes, I proceeded to the house of my little idol; and, having obtained admission to the presence of her husband, offered myself to him in quality of a lacquey.

This gentleman eyed me with the most suspicious penetration; but as there was nothing in my appearance he could possibly object to, after catechising me with respect to the history of my life (with the simple circumstances of which, as I related them to him, he seemed perfectly satisfied), and examining one or two discharges I had taken care to provide for the occasion, he condescended to honor me with his approbation, and clothe me in the tinsel livery of my obsequious valet.

The novelty of my situation was extremely pleasant; and the thought of attending

my mistress at all hours, and the happiness that such an adventure might in the end procure me, made me particularly active and attentive to the duties of my function.

The same day I entered on my new employment gave me the opportunity I so long desired, of gazing upon the beauties which had made so deep an impression on my heart. This angel, for so she certainly appeared in my eyes, entered the dining-parlour, attended by her husband; and glancing her eye slightly upon me as she passed, blushed, and, turning away her head, applied her handkerchief to her face to cover her confusion.

This adventure disconcerted me a little; but I was sufficiently master of myself to conceal my emotions, and to wait at table with an air of the most perfect *nonchalance*. But my mistress was not quite so much at her ease. She trembled whenever I approached her, and avoided as much as possible the meeting of my eyes. She spoke
little,

little, ate less, and complained of indisposition and a depression of the spirits, to avoid exciting suspicions in her husband; who frequently enquired into the cause of her silence, and the variation of her countenance, which was alternately spread with the most fascinating blushes, and the more tempered shadows of modesty and confusion.

To describe the situation of my mind after I left her presence, and during the whole of the succeeding night, would almost be impossible. I was agitated with the most tormenting passions, the most lively anticipations of felicity, and the most afflicting doubts and apprehensions; but in the morning I was resolved to push my fortune as far as it would go, and leave the rest to fate.

I accordingly wrote to the object of my desire in the most passionate and insinuating terms I could invent. I depicted in the most lively colours the affection I had conceived for
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for her, the pleasure I experienced in the few hours I was permitted to enjoy her conversation, the grief that seized upon my heart at the moment of our separation, and all the various afflictions I had sustained from that to the present moment. I pointed out the romantic hopes of happiness I had conceived, in being permitted to gaze upon her, in the tenderest language; and begged, since she was devoted to the arms of another, and fate had deprived me for ever of the sweet hope of being united to her, that she would not debar me of the only happiness I could enjoy, that of waiting and gazing upon her.

This letter I contrived to deliver secretly to my lovely mistress during the time she was at breakfast; and, as I attended her in the evening, had the happiness to receive an answer from her, couched in the most delicate and expressive terms.

She pitied the excess of my passion, chided me for my imprudence, hinted at the infelicities

felicities of her own situation ; yet intreated me, if her happiness was dear to me, to give up the romantic idea of continuing as her domestic ; as it might probably expose us both to the revenge of a man, whose implacability of temper would leave us no room to hope for mercy or compassion.

If there had been any doubt of her triumph over my heart before, this letter would have completed her conquest. My passion was now at its height. I wrote to her again, and obtained her permission to continue in the quality of her footman ; and as we had but few opportunities of conversing together, we kept up this little epistolary correspondence, and mutually exchanged letters every day.

My assiduity and attention in my official capacity was extremely pleasing to my master, and I ingratiated myself so much into his good graces, that he looked upon me as a fellow of the utmost fidelity. He sometimes condescended to honor me with
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his confidence ; and the familiarity of his behaviour soon removed all that restraint which the nature of my situation, and the consciousness of my intentions, had at first oppressed me with.

Every day now softened the asperity of my master's conduct, and every hour gave me opportunities of beholding and conversing with my lovely mistress. It is but natural to suppose, that a man of my complexion did not throw away these important moments. They were employed in the most delightful science, and the desires of my heart were at length crowned with all its fondest wishes had anticipated. But fortune, who had long indulged me in her choicest pleasures, was now resolved to change the scene, and make me pay a dear price for the gratifications I had enjoyed.

After I had a long time tasted the most delicious fruits of my victory, we were one day surpris'd, in the midst of our tenderest caresses, by the unexpected approach of my
master,

master, who coming directly to his wife's apartment, just allowed me time to creep under the bed. The disorder in which he found his wife might have alarmed a less jealous temper; but she might easily have excused her deshabille, and evaded his suspicions, had he not, by a cross accident, discovered my legs, which the time had not allowed me to conceal in a proper manner. He immediately seized me by the ankles, and drew me out into the middle of the room; then turning to his wife with a stern countenance, and snatching a short sabre, that hung at the head of his bed, would have instantly dispatched her, had I not very gallantly seized his arm, and with many imprecations asserted her innocence and my own guilt; which, however, I protested had hitherto gone no farther than design. She so well seconded my plea, that he was at length imposed upon; and now all his rage was directed against me. Simple death he looked upon as too small a punishment, and seemed to rack his brain for some new and unheard-of torture to inflict upon me, which

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the poor lady was in too great a fright to dissuade him from executing; and perhaps, if her concern for me had made her attempt it, it would have raised a jealousy in him not afterwards to be removed.

All the servants in the house were by this time collected in the chamber; and my master, pleased with the cruel suggestions of his own mind, ordered me to be seized and bound, swearing that he would do severe justice on me for my criminal intention, and prevent me from any danger of executing my wicked purpose hereafter.

I was at first so shocked at hearing my barbarous sentence pronounced, that I had not power to oppose the decree; and was very near seeing myself, like poor Abelard, bound to the stake, and deprived of all pretensions to manhood. But returning to myself at the moment of my destruction, I leaped from the grasp of my assassins, and, seizing a red-hot poker from the fire, brandished it over my head with the most determined ferocity,

ferocity, and with a few sweeps of my weapon left all my antagonists sprawling on the ground. I did not pause a moment to triumph over the fallen; but locking the door after me, to prevent the possibility of pursuit, I stripped off my livery, and, returning to my lodgings, assumed once more the appearance of a military man.

Thus ended an adventure that had afforded me some of the most delightful hours I had ever experienced; and in spite of the inconstancy of my nature, I could not reflect upon moments that had been sweetened with the caresses of so angelic a woman without a sigh of regret; and to ease my heart of reflections which destroyed its felicity, I attached myself to a little *French* coquette, whose beauty and eccentricities were at that time the theme of admiration.

This lady was of that class of volatile spirits which the *Spectator* so admirably ridicules under the name of *Idols*; but as

there are a great variety of these pretty fairs, it is justly observed, that it would be as difficult a task to reckon up the different kinds of these images of idolatrous worship, as Milton was to number those that were known in *Canaan*, and the lands adjoining.

Most of them are worshipped, like *Moloch*, in fires and flames. Some of them, like *Baal*, love to see their votaries cut and flayed, and shedding their blood for them; and some of them, like the idol in the *Apocrypha*, must have treats and collations prepared for them every night. Their humour and extravagance are prettily described in a tale of Chaucer. He represents one of them sitting at a table with three of her votaries about her, who are all of them courting her favor, and paying their adorations. She smiled upon one, drank to another, and trod upon the other's foot, which was under the table. Now which of these three, says the old bard, do you think was the favourite?

vourite? In troth, fays he, not one of all the three.

My lively *Parisian* was exactly of this disposition; and the sequel of the story will prove how little the fidelity of a coquette is to be depended upon.

At the time I first marked her out as the object of my pleasures, she was furrounded by at least a dozen men, to every one of whom she had given the most flattering encouragements, and reason to hope the full gratification of his desires. But I, who saw through the wantonness of her disposition, and the pleasure she took in exciting the jealousy, and tormenting those who had imprudently declared their attachment to her, piqued her pride, and played off with her own weapons to so much admiration, that she would have given the world to subdue an indifference which seemed to set her art at defiance. In vain she practised all the little wiles of coquetry and dissimulation; I maintained my ground with the most philosophic

lophic resolution, and baffled by the most provoking extravagancies all her stratagems of insinuation. Every hour seemed to draw forth some new caprice in my character.— Alternately tender and indifferent, I caressed her at one moment, and neglected her the next. I was now all life and spirit, and now sullen and unentertaining. With a countenance of sorrow and dejection I would cast myself at her feet, and entreat her, in an ironical tone of voice, to compassionate and reward the tenderness of my affection. In short, I tormented her so completely, that, to be revenged of me, and at length to have the pleasure of a triumph, she gave me the opportunity I had waited for with so much anxiety, and gratified both her own pride and my pleasure at the same moment.

This intercourse lasted for some time, and would probably have continued much longer, had not a little accident interrupted our pleasures, and put an end to our connexion.

One

One evening, on my return from a party in the country, with which I intended to continue a few days longer than I really did, I proposed to myself the pleasure of going to her house about midnight, and surprising her with my presence. I entered by a little garden-door, of which I had the key, and proceeded without any noise immediately to her chamber. But what was my surprise at beholding the little infidel in the arms of my own footman, whom I had permitted, at her request, to continue with her during the time I was in the country !

My astonishment deprived me of all power of utterance for the moment ; but recovering myself, I tore the miscreant from the bed, and was proceeding to handle him very roughly ; when, without appearing in the least disconcerted, my little traitress told me, she was amazed at my impertinence at taking such liberties with any person under her protection ; and gave me to understand, that she had only indulged me with the possession of her person to gratify her
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own pride; that the novelty of our connexion was now wore off; that she had pleased her own inclination in giving way to the passion of my valet; and concluded with begging me to depart in peace; intimating, at the same time, that she must otherwise be under the necessity of collecting her servants, and giving them orders to dismiss me out by the window.

During this pretty harangue, I had time enough to collect my thoughts, and resolution enough to despise her; so giving her shivering paramour a hearty kick or two as I retired, I made my exit, and left her to the enjoyment of her lover.

This adventure occasioned me so much chagrin and ill-will towards the whole sex, especially that part which takes pride in coquetting and sporting with the feelings of every man, that I denounced war against them without mercy; and carried on my conquests with so much rapidity, that I had scarcely

scarcely time to reap the fruit of my victories.

In the earlier part of my life I had the timidity of a novice about me, in spite of all my inclination to succeed, and the examples I had daily set before my eyes by the industry of my companions ; but I was now tolerably well versed in the hypocrisy of the men, and the weakness of the women, and joined to a prepossessing appearance, a most invincible desire to possess every woman eminent for her beauty and accomplishments.

To account for my extraordinary success is impossible, and it appears at this moment a mystery to myself. I have sometimes, merely to try how far the language of persuasion on one side, and the weakness of nature on the other, would prevail on a woman, sat down to study the temper of a mind, and indulge it in all its extravagancies ; and though I have had no other desire but curiosity to gratify in such an attempt, I can scarcely remember a single

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circumstance of this nature, in which I have not been obliged to yield to the temptation of seduction to preserve my own reputation.

Whatever visions of virtue philosophic apathy may invent, they can make no impression upon my mind, while the experience of sixty years and upwards, supported by every faculty I possess, rise up in judgment against them. Honor in the possession of a woman, as one of the sex has observed, melts like ice-cream in the mouth: and I would as soon trust to the tenets of *Mahomet*, as to my grandmother's proving virtuous against a temptation of vice.

I was once told by a woman, who was by no means remarkable for her deviations from rectitude, that she had repeatedly endeavoured to assume the prim air of virtue, and stifle every emotion that was not strictly conformable to its dictates; but she candidly acknowledged that she was always baffled in the attempt, and never had the
power

power to hold out against the temptation of pleasure for three hours together. Virtue in a woman is certainly nothing more than the *sal mortuorum* of the ancient *Romans*, whose beams served only to give a faint mock-glimmering to the ghosts that wander on the side of *Charon's* ferry, and like an *ignis fatuus* to mislead them up and down in the dark suburbs of *Elysium*.

It is prettily observed, and justified by experience, that the virtues of man are written in sand, and the record of his perfections may be destroyed by the first blast of the zephyr ; but that his vices are engraven on tablets of brass, and are never to be expunged. The latter, like the heads of the *Hydra*, shoot forth with new vigor as soon as they are destroyed : but the vital spark of the former may be extinguished in a moment ; and not unaptly compared to the *Venetian* treasure ; which being once shewn to the *Spanish* ambassador in many coffers of silver, gold, and jewels, the wise *Castilian* desiring to see the bottom of these wealthy chests turned up,

when it was done, made this remark——
*Your riches have no roots, nor grow, like those
my master doth possess in the Indies.*

The boasted excellencies and acquisitions of morality are much of the same nature. No traditional chemistry of men can revive the soul, or call forth a virtue from a heart tinged with vice, and branded with imperfection. Perhaps some theological *Paracelsus, Helmont; or Arabian Ifriqui*, may from the ashes of an original flower raise the fantastic form of it again, that is, the colour and contexture of the leaves; but none of them is able to bestow the vital sap, the seminal juice, the inward virtue of the once prosperous and flourishing vegetable. No mortal can repair what *Adam* once destroyed. That *Protoplast* and his *wife* have ruined us all.

I have sometimes myself, in the midst of my most licentious scenes, sat down to examine and imitate the boasted loveliness of virtue; and in one of these fits actually resolved to renounce my follies, and marry
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some little *ignoramus*, whose fortune might enable me to live like a gentleman, and repair the former extravagancies of my life.

In this idea, I made my first addresses to a young lady in the country; and things went on most swimmingly, till the old put, her father, happening to hear that I had been strongly suspected of *crim. con.* with the Countess of ——, forbad me his house, and within a fortnight after gave his daughter, with twenty thousand pounds, to a roaring fox-hunter in the neighbourhood.

I made my next applications to a widow, and attacked her so briskly, that I thought myself within a fortnight of her. As I waited upon her one morning, she told me that she intended to keep her ready-money and jointure in her own hands, and desired me to call upon her attorney, who would adjust with me what it was proper for me to add to it. I was so rebuffed by this overture, that I never enquired either for her or her attorney afterwards.

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A few days after I addressed myself to the most innocent-looking little creature in the universe. I danced with her, sung to her, told her pretty stories from the Fairy Tales, squeezed her hand, said all the soft things I could invent, and gained her permission to open the affair to her father. But as I went one day to the house in order to break the matter to him, I found the whole family in confusion; and heard, to my surprise and mortification, that Miss *Louisa* had that very morning run away with the butler, by whom she had been with child six months before.

After this I laid siege to four heiresses successively, and was as happy as I could possibly wish in their good opinion; but I don't know how it came to pass, though I seldom failed of getting the daughter's consent, I could never in my life get the old people on my side.

My next attempt was highly promising of success; and I should certainly have accomplished

plished my point at last, with a very pretty brunette, and a splendid fortune, had I not been fool enough to put her virtue to the test.—I pressed for a premature enjoyment, and she had not the resolution to oppose me. In short, she admitted me to her bed the night before we were to have been married, and my *honor* would not permit me to unite myself to her after such a *faux pas*. This was the dearest pleasure I ever enjoyed.—Her fortune was at least thirty thousand pounds.

My last effort was upon an old woman eaten up with the gout, palsy, and a strong asthmatic cough, whom I had certainly borne away with flying colours, if her relations had not come pouring in to her assistance from all parts of *England*; nay, I believe I should have got her at last, had she not been suddenly carried off by a hard frost and a violent fit of the cholic.

My want of success in these arduous undertakings disgusted me so much, that for that time I gave up all thoughts of matrimony;

mony ; and joining the companions of my former pleasures, I bound my temples with chaplets of myrtle and roses, as the merry fellows among the ancients are described, and fought once more the smiles of dissipation; or, to express it more delicately in the words of Monsieur de Fontenelle,—*des graces qui rient, et des amours qui folâtroient*.

It is in scenes of this kind alone that the source of pleasure is observed never to grow dry ; in all other situations of life there is some little drawback on our felicity, some perplexing circumstance which destroys our prospect, inverts the mirror, and shews the dark shade of the picture to the eye. But in the happy vacuity of thought, and variety of pleasures, which dissipation procures, a man has not time to grow stupid in his enjoyments. His desires and gratifications almost accompany one another, and leave him no room to repine in that expectation of pleasure, which the dilatory tempers of women very often excite in the more calm and retired scenes of the world.

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This tormenting propensity in women is most admirably rallied in the *Spectator*, where a brother of the coif complains, that he began his suit *vicefimo nono Caroli Secundi*, before he had been a twelvemonth at the *Temple*; that he prosecuted it for many years after he was called to the bar; that at present he is a serjeant at law; and notwithstanding he hoped matters would have been long since brought to an issue, the Fair One still *demurs*. This spirit of demurring seemed to prevail so much at that time, that another gentleman declares, that he had been playing bo-peep with his mistress till she had grown as grey as a cat, had not a tooth in her head, and was changed from a pretty hoyden of a girl into a good motherly sort of a woman. And I actually knew a lady myself, who permitted a man to court for one-and-twenty years before she consented to marry him, and had deferred it for fourteen years, as she afterwards declared, merely because she could not prevail upon any of her young

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married

married friends to let her into the secret of such a connexion.

Ladies of this disposition should recollect, that life is not long enough for a coquette to play all her tricks in. A timorous woman drops into her grave before she has done deliberating. Were the age of man the same that it was before the Flood, a lady might sacrifice half a century to a scruple, and be two or three ages in demurring. Had she nine hundred years good, she might hold out to the conversion of the *Jews*, before she thought fit to be prevailed upon. But, alas! she ought to play her part in haste, when she considers that she is suddenly to quit the stage, and make room for others.

This is a maxim I have ever preached, and ever practised; and in the hey-day of my blood, I looked upon a day's loss in a matter of intrigue, with as much regret as the Emperor of *Rome* expressed, when
once

once recollecting he had done no good action during the day, he laid his hand upon his breast, and exclaimed, *I have lost a day.*

My anxiety to employ my hours in the earlier part of my life, was so very great, that I had frequently two or three affairs of gallantry upon my hands at the same time; but this is an ambition I would not advise every man to covet, as it is attended with a considerable degree of danger and perplexity. The tormenting jealousy of a woman who imagines she has a right to your person, is putting her continually on her watch; and if she discovers the smallest infidelity on your part, she either persecutes you with her complaints and suspicions, or invents some diabolical method to be revenged. I have had frequent apprehensions of entangling myself in these snares, and occasion for all my ingenuity to silence the jealousy of one, counteract the coquetry of another, and stifle the tormenting fondness of a third.

This infidelity and dissimulation in a man is certainly imprudent, if not culpable. It exposes him to a thousand little inconveniences that are inconceivably distressing; and the woman that can contrive an innocent method of revenge for such inconstancy, is certainly to be admired.

I met with a little story of Monsieur *Pontignan* the other day, which sets this matter in so pleasant a point of view, that I cannot help quoting it, and shall give it to the reader in the words I find it translated to my hand.

When I was in the country, says he, last summer, I was often in company with a couple of charming women, who had all the wit and beauty one could desire in female companions, with a dash of coquetry, that from time to time gave me a great many agreeable torments. I was, after my way, in love with both of them; and had such frequent opportunities of pleading my passion to them when they were asunder,
that

that I had reason to hope for particular favours from each of them.

As I was walking one evening in my chamber, with nothing about me but my night-gown, they both came into my room, and told me they had a very pleasant trick to put upon a gentleman that was in the same house, provided I would bear a part in it. Upon this they told me such a plausible story, that I laughed heartily at their contrivance, and agreed to do whatever they should require of me. They immediately began to swaddle me up in my night-gown with long pieces of linen, which they folded about me till they had wrapt me in above an hundred yards of swathe: my arms were pressed to my sides, and my legs closed together by so many wrappers, one over another, that I looked like an *Egyptian* mummy.

As I stood bolt upright upon one end in this antique figure, one of the ladies
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burst out a-laughing: "And now, *Pontignan*," says she, "we intend to perform the promise that we find you have extorted from each of us. You have often asked the favour of us; and I dare say you are a better bred cavalier than to refuse to go to bed to two ladies that desire it of you."

After having stood a fit of laughter, I begged them to uncase me, and do with me what they pleased. "No, no," say they, "we like you very well as you are;" and upon that, ordered me to be carried to one of their houses, and put to bed in all my fwaddles.

The room was lighted up on all sides, and I was laid very decently between a pair of sheets, with my head, which was indeed the only part I could move, upon a very high pillow; this was no sooner done, but my two female friends came into bed to me in their finest night-clothes.

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You may easily guess the condition of a man that saw a couple of the most beautiful women in the world undrest and a-bed with him, without being able to stir hand or foot. I begged them to release me, and struggled all I could to get loose ; which I did with so much violence, that about midnight they both leaped out of the bed, crying out they were undone. But, seeing me safe, they took their posts again, and renewed their raillery.

Finding all my prayers and endeavours were lost, I composed myself as well as I could ; and told them, that if they would not unbind me, I would fall asleep between them, and by that means disgrace them for ever. But, alas ! this was impossible ; could I have been disposed to it, they would have prevented me by several ill-natured caresses and endearments which they bestowed upon me. As much devoted as I am to woman-kind, I would not pass such another night to be master of the whole sex.

My

My reader will doubtless be curious to know what became of me the next morning. Why, truly, my bed-fellows left me about an hour before day, and told me, if I would be good and lie still, they would send somebody to take me up as soon as it was time for me to rise: accordingly about nine o'clock in the morning an old woman came to unswathe me. I bore all this very patiently, being resolved to take my revenge of my tormentors, and to keep no measures with them as soon as I was at liberty; but upon asking my old woman what was become of the two ladies, she told me she believed they were by that time within sight of *Paris*, for that they went away in a coach and fix before five o'clock in the morning.

Such was the mortifying end of poor Monsieur *Pontignan's* amours; and I think the ladies, whoever they were, ought to be immortalized for their happy invention, and resolution in putting their stratagem in execution.

This

This story puts me in mind of an adventure that once happened to a brother officer of mine, who paid his court to a most beautiful woman, and withal a coquette of the first order. My adventurous friend was of the most diminutive size, and his mistress, on the contrary, so very tall, that when they appeared together, they were no bad resemblance of the caricature of the sexes in disguise. After a very long attendance, &c. my little hero at length prevailed on his mistress to gratify his desires; but in a *nota bene* to the articles of capitulation she had the wickedness to insert the following malicious clause:—*That, before she surrendered, their great toes should be tied together.* I need not add that this article entirely ruined the project.

This species of coquetry may be very entertaining on the one side, but is certainly very perplexing on the other, as indeed I have sometimes experienced. I remember I once attached myself to an untractable spirit

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(for she could not bear the gross idea of having any thing of the animal at all about her), that was all sentiment, soul, and sublimity. This, if I may be allowed the expression, was the *gamut* of her passions; and she would play me as many tunes upon these three words, as Handel himself ever drew from the keys of a piano forte.

Her pretty lips were continually uttering precepts of morality; her soul recoiled at the most distant idea of sensual pleasure; and I have seen her almost in a fit of hysterics at the bare thought of the smallest connexion between the sexes. She had written an essay upon the generation of the vegetable world, and used continually to lament the death of some ancient naturalist, whose laborious studies had once discovered a more innocent way of propagation for the human species; but, it seems, his tables unfortunately falling into his wife's hands, the gross creature, alarmed at the doctrine they contained, threw them into the fire.

This

This little visionary kept me in play for some time ; but I at length found means, in one auspicious moment, to overthrow her principles, and destroy her whole system of self-denial at a blow.

In casting my eye over what I have written, I find I have indulged myself much longer than I intended in relating some of the scenes of the former part of my life ; but it is now time that I should put an end to such trifling, and enter upon a history of events of a much later date, and by which the curiosity of the world has been excited.

It cannot have escaped the reader's observation, that, in the picture of my life, I have omitted the representation of one object, which is generally esteemed the principal figure in a domestic drawing : I mean my *wife*. This solecism in point of attention is not to be imputed to any want of respect towards that lady. My dear Mrs. G—— knows that I have the utmost veneration for her virtues, and the tenderest affection for

her person: but after the commission of so great a folly as matrimony, the best thing a man can do is to cast a shade over it, as Ham and Japhet did over the nakedness of their father, and conceal it if possible from the knowledge of the world. It is now too late, I confess, for me to screen myself beneath such a cloak. Mrs. G—— has already published our union to the world, and I might justly be accused of rudeness and want of gallantry, were I to deny a connexion with so *charming* a woman. Her sprightly wit has beguiled the insipidity of many an hour (for she certainly is a woman of *extraordinary* genius, though she has the modesty to deny it); and it is to her happy invention and romantic enterprises that I may attribute the downfall of my family, and the honour I have acquired in becoming the laughing-stock of the nation.

It would be impertinent in me to repeat the well-told story my dear Mrs. G—— has already given to the public; but it may not be uninteresting to make a few comments

ments upon it, and rectify some little mistakes which crept into it, and still wear an air of mystery to the world.

Mrs. G——, in her relation of those strange circumstances which blew up the credit of my house, forgot to mention that they originated in the pride and ambition of her own heart. She forgot to observe, with what a world of endearments, and, if I may so say, what a *cataraēt* of eloquence she, upon my appointment to the command of a regiment, pointed out the increase of my revenue, and the splendors that ought to encircle, to use her own expression, a general of the first magnitude. She forgot to declare, that these and the like solicitations drew me from my retirement in the country, into the vortex of fashion, and placed me in an elegant house in St. James's Place, with a new equipage set forth in the most modish style, and a crowd of valets, grooms, and lacqueys of every description.

Thus

Thus far the desires of this amiable lady were accomplished ; but as she wisely foresaw a scene of such splendor could not be long supported upon the profits of a regiment (my estate being long ere the period I am speaking of mortgaged for very near its value), she resolved to make the most of her daughter's beauty, and confirm the dignity of her family by the same means that it originally acquired its most peculiar marks of distinction.

With this praise-worthy intention, Miss G——, dressed as fine as a little princess, was sent to court, and introduced at all the fashionable routs and hurricanes in town ; with strict orders from her prudent mother to avoid all acquaintance and familiarity with gentlemen beneath a certain rank, and not to dance, ogle, or even permit her little finger to be prest by any person that was not heir-apparent to an earldom at least.

These injunctions were, I believe, strictly adhered to, and seemed to meet with tolerable

tolerable success ; for Mrs. G——, drawing me aside one morning, with the most fascinating vein of pleasantry and good humour let me into the whole of their plan, and set it in so plausible a point of view, that I looked upon the thing as already done ; but when she told me, a few days after, that my daughter had made a complete conquest of her cousin, the Marquis of L——, that mutual declarations of fidelity had passed between them, and that, in short, there was nothing but the Duke of A——'s consent requisite to put the last hand to the business ; I was elated with the most auspicious anticipations of joy, and could not help saluting my dear Mrs. G——'s *immaculate darling*, as the future Marchioness of L——.

I was naturally anxious to learn the progress of this amour, which seemed to promise so much prosperity to my family, and was not a little surprised to find that an entire change in the business had taken place in the course of a few days ; that the Mar-

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quis of B—— had been put in opposition to the Marquis of L——; and that it was a point not entirely decided upon between the ladies, which of the two Marquisses should be honoured with the preference. As this was a matter of etiquette, in which they insisted I had no right to interfere, I gave up the point; only begging that I might have the earliest intelligence of their choice.

Matters continued in this situation for some time, when I was given to understand that the Marquis of L——, who it was at length agreed upon should be accepted, was not so urgent in the business as formerly; that it would be, therefore, necessary to encourage the Marquis of B——, in order to awaken the jealousy of his rival, and by that means bring the affair to a happy and speedy conclusion.

As this was an innocent piece of coquetry, I thought it very advisable to put it in execution, and a strong flirtation, as I was informed, immediately commenced.—

The

The plot now began to thicken, and the *denouement* to take place. The Marquis of L—— was still backward, and there was only one way to bring him to the point desired; and that was, according to my dear Mrs. G——'s opinion, to write a few passionate epistles to her daughter, with the signature of the Marquis of B——, and dispose of them in such a manner that they might fall into his rival's hands, and thus leave him no alternative.

I was now too far engaged in the business to recede, or boggle at trifles; I therefore gave my consent and assistance in the affair. The letters were written in Mrs. G——'s best manner; and might probably have met with the most flourishing success, had not some evil spirit counteracted our design, and, by conveying some intimation of the plan to the Marquis of B——, ruined the whole project at a blow.

The matter now became the chit-chat and theme of scandal of every fashionable

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tea-table in town. It was canvassed by persons of every description; sarcasms made their appearance as periodically as the newspapers of the day; and I found it necessary to make some grand effort to extricate myself from the business, and preserve my reputation unfulled.

For this purpose, I summoned a grand council of the whole family; and it was unanimously agreed upon, that I should pretend ignorance on the occasion—look upon the Marquis of B——’s imaginary proposals as having actually taken place—and write to the Duke of M—— for an explanation of his son’s conduct. We easily foresaw that an eclaiircissement of this nature would open the eyes of the world, and occasion a total revolution in the family. But this we were content to bear—it was only for me to renounce, *in appearance*, my wife and daughter, and keep the secret on which all the politics of our little commonwealth depended. Affairs being thus settled, every thing was performed according to agree-
ment;

ment; and I need not tell the world, that the result of my application to the Duke of M——, was a positive denial of the knowledge of any intended connexion between the families on his part; and an absolute refusal of my daughter on that of his son.

There was now only one part of our project unexecuted, and that I very soon performed, by turning, in a *seeming* rage, my wife and daughter out of doors, as it had been previously agreed upon in full Diet. This motion completely puzzled the wifeacres of the town, who now unanimously pronounced in my favor, and imagined I had been as egregiously imposed upon as they actually were. But, though I had thus secured my own reputation for the present, I soon found it necessary to compound the matter with my amiable spouse, who felt a little impatient under the obloquy and ill-natured insinuations of the world, and intimated her resolution of publishing the *whole* truth, if I put in the smallest objection against her palliating and softening the mat-

ter in the prettiest manner she could. This would have been *confusion worse confounded*, and adding to the criminality of the business with a vengeance; I was therefore obliged to give her a *carte blanche*, and full permission to blacken my character as much as might be consistent with her plan, provided only that she did not touch upon the *real* truth of the affair; and it must be confessed that she has handled her pencil with the utmost dexterity, and laid on her colours with a most liberal hand.

With respect to the introduction of Captain and Mrs. B——, and the part allotted them in this business, I cannot help saying but that I think my dear Mrs. G—— is a little too severe. She should have remembered that I had no power over the reputation of my friends, and that my permission to indulge her fancy on this subject was not meant to extend any farther than the limits of her own family. This gentleman and lady ought to have been
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facred : they acted as friends to the family,
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very unmerciful in Mrs. G—— to treat
them with so much cruelty, after having
given us these proofs of their friendship, and
inclination to promote our welfare.

I have thus explained this seeming myf-
tery, not much to my own credit, I con-
fess ; but I have no longer any interest
in deceiving the world, and look upon its
applause, at present, as of very little conse-
quence to my peace. Mrs. G—— may
plume herself upon the chastity of her dic-
tion, and the novelty of her style, which is
certainly well calculated to set off a bad
cause ; but I hope I shall not be less cre-
dited

dited in a *round unvarnished tale*, that cannot boast the aid of such brilliant ornaments.

I have now only one more adventure to relate ere I close the scene of my life ; and I could have wished that the evening of my days had not been marked with an event, that even *I* cannot survey without some bitter reflections on the depravity of human nature.

When I obtained the command of the ——— regiment in the beginning of the year 1788, I first became acquainted with Mr. D—— of Soho-square, who undertook to clothe it for me upon much more liberal terms than any other person in his line of business. The polite attention of this gentleman was highly flattering to a man of my disposition ; and as I foresaw his purse might prove very serviceable to me in case of necessity, I took care to cultivate his friendship with the utmost solicitude.

My

My endeavours were not thrown away. Every attention on my side was repaid with politeness and hospitality on his, and in a short time I beheld myself on a very familiar footing in his house. Upon my coming to town and settling in St. James's Place, a more intimate connexion took place between the families. The ladies visited; and as often as the gout and a complication of other disorders would permit me, I used to lounge away the morning in chatting with Mrs. D——, whose beauty, youth, and sweetness of disposition were eminently calculated to please a man of my taste.

This connexion was, for a long time, perfectly innocent on my side. I had a desire to possess her, it is true; but as I was then reduced to my crutches, and scarcely able to hobble from one end of the room to the other without assistance, I had not the vanity to believe that the persuasion of my tongue, however practised in dissimulation, could ever seduce a woman who had scarcely attained her twentieth year, from the arms
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of one of the handsomest men in London, to carels me in age and decrepitude, and *with all my imperfections on my head*. But yet, in spite of these disadvantages, which would have been sufficient to discourage any other man, and my inclination to be virtuous for once in my life—that depravity of mind and libidinous turn of my affections, which united to betray me, from almost the first hour of my existence to the present moment, into some criminal extravagance or another, soon conquered the faint efforts of expiring virtue, and left me a prey to the most ungracious and seductive passions that ever disturbed the peaceful tenor of the heart.

Worn down, diseased, and decrepit as I was, I had not the strength to subdue the importunity of my desires, or banish the language of seduction from my tongue. But in the midst of these detestable emotions, my thoughts were diverted from the object of my pursuit, by the perplexing circumstances of my daughter's amours, the happy effects

effects of my dear Mrs. G——'s fruitful invention.

The result of that business reduced me to the greatest extremity. The report of the revolution that had taken place in my family had scarcely reached the ears of the public, but my tradesmen came flocking in from every quarter, and demanded payment of their several debts. Money I had none—my estate, as I have already observed, was mortgaged till it would mortgage no more—my *noble* friends, my *dignified* relations, all looked upon me as an injured man, and pitied, most *sincerely* pitied my case. They advised me to let my house, dismiss my servants, and discharge my debts; but it was *unfortunately* a time of the year when their rents did not become due, and they of course could not oblige me with any pecuniary assistance; the want of which entirely ruined the project their good advice had laid for my advantage; for I could neither leave my house, dismiss my servants, nor discharge my debts.

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In this dilemma I had no other alternative than to apply to the usurers, jew, and pickpockets of the town. These gentlemen's proposals were as liberal as one might expect from the villany of their profession. They were to supply me with eighteen hundred pounds to silence the most clamorous of my creditors, and allow me an annuity of three hundred pounds, for which they were to receive the full profits of my regiment; amounting upon an average to *Nine Hundred Pounds* per annum.

When the instruments which were to deprive me for ever of the income of my regiment were prepared, and I was on the point of signing them, Mr. D——, whom I affected to treat with the utmost confidence, shocked at the ruin which threatened me, took the pen from my hand, and declared his resolution to supply me himself with any money I might have occasion for; and, calling my creditors together, paid them their demands, to the amount of *Two Thousand Pounds*.

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As this gentleman had done me one kindness, he was resolved not to leave me till he had rendered my situation as comfortable as possible. He accordingly dismissed my servants, and disposed of my house; and as I was then in the most deplorable situation, and tormented with the most afflicting diseases, he invited me to Soho-square, and permitted me to continue in his family for near two months, till I was sufficiently recovered to bear the fatigue of moving, and a comfortable lodging had been provided for my reception.

It may be justly said, that a life of gratitude, devoted to the service of such a man, could scarcely repay him for such exalted and disinterested friendship; but my heart, shut to the tender feelings of humanity, and hardened in the most depraved scenes of the world against every sentiment of gratitude, sought but the gratification of its own unjust desires, and means to accomplish the infelicity and dishonour of my benefactor.

Mrs. D——'s politeness and good-nature made her very often sacrifice engagements of a more agreeable nature to the pleasure of being my companion, during the time I resided in Soho-square ; and I was too well versed in the art of insinuation not to improve those moments to the utmost advantage. Strange as it may appear, I found her heart by no means invulnerable ; and in a very short time saw my diabolical designs attended with so much success, that her reluctant virtue yielded to the force of my persuasion, and in one moment I levelled all those flattering hopes of happiness which her husband had promised to himself in the entire possession of her affections.

Mr. D——, little suspecting what a serpent he was fostering in his breast, still continued his attention to my ease and welfare, and gave me a general invitation to his house, where I used constantly to dine, &c. when I had no particular engagement elsewhere. I was by this means enabled to indulge my passion for Mrs. D—— in
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all its licentiousness, and repay the friendship of a man I was bound almost to adore, with the grossest violations of beneficence and hospitality*.

Blest, if I may so say, in the last scene of my life, with the caresses of a woman formed to fascinate the soul, my felicity knew no interruption; and when Mr. D——'s family removed for the summer to their house at East-Sheen, I still found myself a welcome guest, and used regularly to make one of a party every Sunday at his table. As Mr. D—— was generally at home all day on Sunday, my opportunities of holding any

* The treatment this gentleman received at my hands cannot, perhaps, be better exemplified than by repeating the complaint of a poor Swiss, who had been repaid for his hospitality to an ungrateful soldier, by the commission of the crimes enumerated in the following simple though expressive tale, pronounced before the delinquent in the presence of his officers. "May it please your honors, disshenteman come into my house—he eater my meat—he drinker my drink—he picker my purse—he***** my wife—he b**ger mine eyes—and he kicker me down stairs!"

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particular conversation with his wife were very confined ; but as he used to drive to town on Monday morning with rather more expedition than I did, it was my custom to let him pass me on the road ; and, after we had saluted each other, to order my carriage to wheel to the right about, and bear me back to the arms of my impatient dulcinea.

In this manner I used to enjoy the most delightful pleasures ; but the impossibility, as I thought, of being discovered, rendered me imprudent, and I had very nearly exposed myself to the thing I most dreaded by a too frequent repetition of these visits.

One day in particular, while I was indulging myself as usual, Mr. D—— was seen riding towards the house, and had, by the time he was first observed, approached so near as to prevent the possibility of an escape. My situation at this alarm was inconceivably distressing ; but my dear little friend, with infinite presence of mind, instantly summoned her confidential maid,
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and, delivering me to her care, ordered her to disguise me in any manner she could invent, to prevent my person from being known.

This faithful abigail immediately led me to the nursery, and in less than two minutes huddled me into a brown camblet gown, an old ragged petticoat, a coloured apron, a greasy silk handkerchief, and a mob cap.— Thus equipped, I seated myself in an easy chair, with a young child on my lap, in the character of the nurse's mother, and, with a pap-spoon instead of a truncheon in my hand, waited the approach of the enemy.

The deception took to a miracle. Mr. D—— came into the room, and, little imagining a general officer of Great Britain could be disguised in the shape of an old woman, passed without the smallest suspicion; and as soon as I received intelligence that he was safely seated in the parlour, I submitted to be led in this horrid trim, like Sir John Falstaff in the Merry Wives of Windsor,

Windfor, through all the blind corners and back stairs in the house, till I came to a postern gate, and got into an unfrequented lane, where my carriage used always to wait upon these occasions.

This, though a perplexing circumstance, was not the only one I endured during my visits to Mrs. D — ; for I was once tumbled headlong into a meal-tub, and looked when I was drawn forth again as white as a miller ; and another time, being wrapped in a foul clothes-bag, and kept there for three hours, was almost suffocated for want of air.

These things, though disagreeable in themselves, were sweetened, and rendered even pleasant, by the caresses and participation of the person that occasioned them.— But the hour was now approaching when the peaceable possession of these pleasures was to be disturbed, and the sweet indulgencies of my former life rendered the tormentors of every future day.

Not

Not to keep the reader long in suspense, it is only necessary to observe, that Mr. and Mrs. D—— were to go in September last on a visit of a month or two, at some considerable distance from town, and that I had prevailed on Mrs. D—— to indulge me with the possession of her person for one night previous to her departure. We saw from the first, that it would be attended with some difficulty to accomplish this point; but as neither of us was inclined to be disappointed, it was agreed that she should pretend some domestic business at Sheen, which would detain her there all night, a day or two before their departure; and as there was no possibility of our sleeping there, that she should meet me at a place agreed upon, and that we should proceed from thence to some tavern, from whence she might repair to Soho-square at an early hour the next morning.

This scheme was put in execution with the utmost success. We met, drove off to Clapham, indulged ourselves as long as the

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night would allow, and returned to town by eight o'clock in the morning ; at which hour we concluded Mr. D—— would be still a-bed. But our inauspicious stars had otherwise ordained it. The whole matter was discovered. A servant had been sent the night before to Sheen, and had told Mr. D——, upon being asked what time his mistress would be in town, that she had left Sheen early the foregoing day, and had not mentioned any intention of sleeping there.

Mr. D——, alarmed at this intelligence, demanded of his wife as soon as she came home, in a tone of authority, where she had slept. The manner in which he addressed her evinced his suspicions ; and she had the presence of mind to declare without the smallest hesitation, that she had slept with Mrs. G——, who was an intimate of the family's. But Mr. D——, still unconvinced, mounted his horse, and set off immediately to that lady, who lived at some distance
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from town, to prove the truth of her assertion.

As soon as he had left the house, Mrs. D—— came to my lodgings, and told me the circumstances of this unfortunate adventure as I have related them, begging me at the same time to go immediately to Mrs. G——, and entreat her to confirm all that she had said. I instantly complied with her request, and set off in a post-chaise and four ; but Mr. D—— had got the start of me, and had taken possession of Mrs. G——'s dressing-room before my arrival. I was therefore reduced to the necessity of writing to her from the inn : but all my persuasion was ineffectual : she had dealt candidly with Mr. D——, and now, as I afterwards learnt, put my note into his hand.

Upon my return to town, Mrs. D—— made up her mind to remain with me, as it was impossible for her to return to Soho-square ; and, as I had injured Mr. D—— in so tender a manner, I could not satisfy

my own conscience without immediately making him an offer of that reparation which one gentleman has a right to demand of another: but, though I made him the most liberal proposal as a man of honor, he did not condescend to notice my letter on the subject. And I must here observe, in justice to my own character, that I have the satisfaction to say, though my conscience accuses me of all those frailties which are sanctioned by fashion; yet in the very heart of licentiousness, folly, and imprudence, I have preserved my *honor still unfulled*, and can defy the malice of the world to point out a single circumstance in which I ever avoided an appeal to the sword, where personal injury had been sustained*!

But

* I am sensible that many persons will think this declaration a little erroneous, as I have violated almost every moral virtue at some one period or another of my life; and to shew them that I can joke upon this idea as well as themselves, I shall quote a little anecdote of Smollet's, in his *Humphry Clinker*, which will set this matter in a very pleasant point of view. Speaking of a person that had been pronouncing a panegyric on his friend, and at
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But to return : As it might have been attended with some little inconvenience for Mrs. D—— to continue with me in my old lodgings, we removed the same night to an hotel, where we continued for two days ; and, on the third, took up our residence in apartments provided for our reception at Somers Town, where we proposed to remain till the affair was in some degree blown over. But we were not long fated to enjoy this repose. On the third morning after our arrival at this place, the house was disturbed at a very early hour by a loud and repeated knocking at the door,

the same time stigmatizing him 'with the want of every moral principle—" This puts me in mind," says he, " of a contest I once overheard in the way of altercation, betwixt two apple-women in Spring Gardens. One of these viragos having hinted something to the prejudice of the other's moral character, her antagonist, setting her hands in her sides, replied,—' Speak out, hussy ! I scorn your malice—I own I'm both a whore and a thief ; and what more have you to say ? Damn you, what more have you to say ? 'Bating that, which all the world knows, I challenge you to say, black is the white of my eye."

and

and in a few minutes I saw myself surrounded by a gang of bailiffs, and arrested for a hundred and thirty odd pounds, at the suit of Mr. D——. I was immediately hurried away from my little partner in iniquity; she was sent home to her mother, and I saw myself transported from the seat of pleasure, and held in *durance vile* within the magical compass of a spunging-house.

I now, for the first time, began to reflect upon my folly, and curse my imprudence which had brought me into this scene of distress. But as I was doomed to flutter round my cage without a possibility of escaping, I was resolved to make the hours glide by as pleasantly as possible, and immediately dispatched a messenger for Mrs. New, and her friend the *conjurer*, who had foretold many scenes of my life, and whom I was determined to consult once more upon the future prospect of my affairs. This scientific gentleman held out but a melancholy prospect to my view, and advised me either to bail or discharge the debt for which

I was

I was arrested, and make the best of my way to the continent before Mr. D—— could have time to bring an action of damages against me. But I found this a very difficult matter to accomplish, as in a few days detainers were lodged against me to the amount of four hundred pounds, which it was absolutely necessary to discharge. The only possible means I had of obtaining money, was by offering the clothing of my regiment to some gentleman who might be induced to advance the sum I required ; but every man of eminence in London declined the offer. Those who had either wives or daughters, were not willing to oblige a man who might the next day seduce their whole family, and destroy their peace of mind ; and those who had money were not willing to lend it to a man devoid of principle, and who had no visible means of repaying it.

I continued in this melancholy situation till the very day appointed for my removal to Newgate ; when two very honest gentlemen, a linen-draper and an accoutrement-maker,

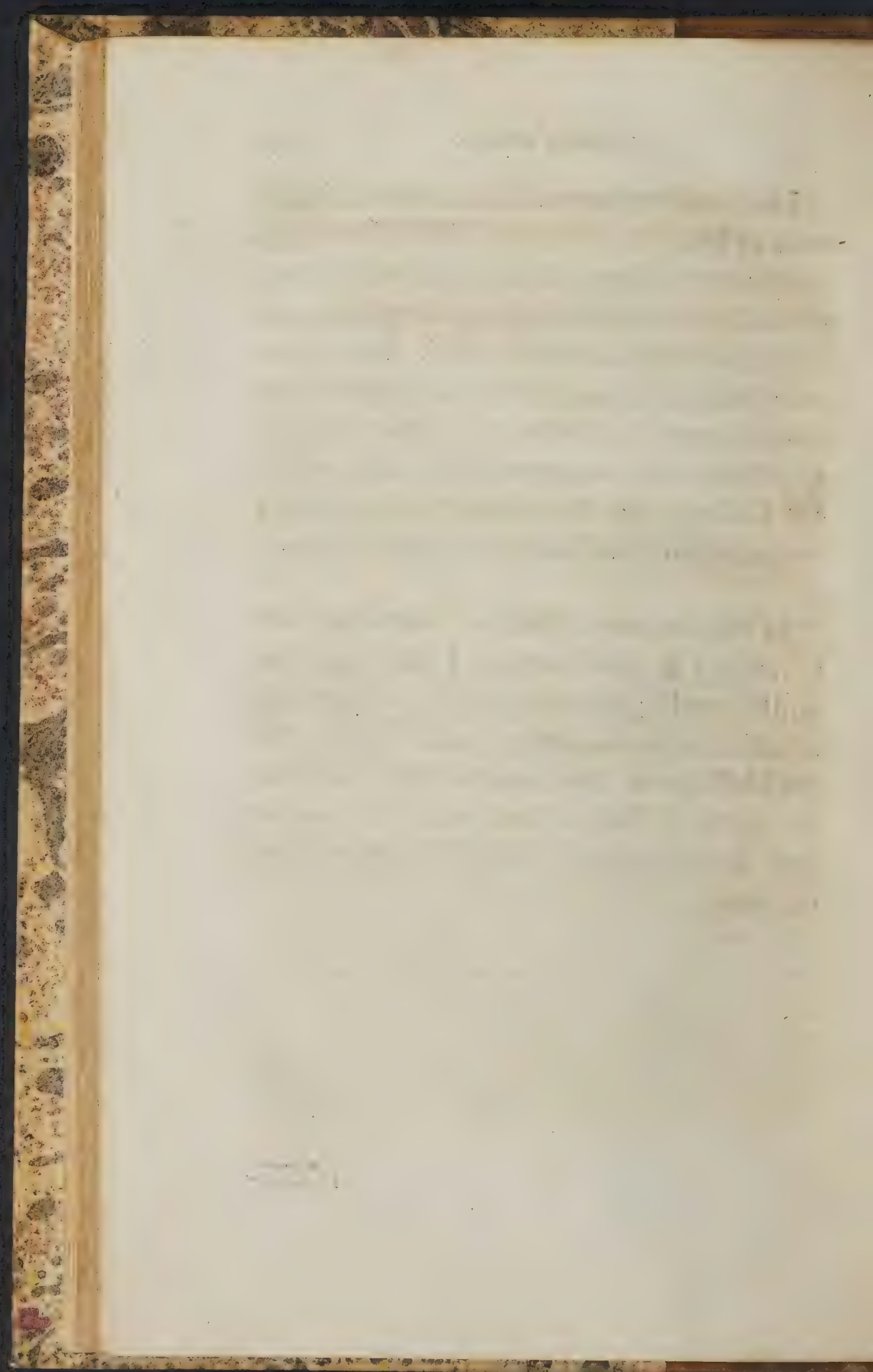
maker, accepted the clothing of my regiment, went bail for Mr. D——'s debt (the legality of which I thought proper to dispute, though I am actually indebted to him in the sum of *two thousand three hundred pounds* * at this moment), and advanced me a sufficient sum of ready-money to procure my liberation, and transport me to the continent, where I arrived in the course of a very few days, accompanied by Mrs. D—.

* It may not be improper to mention here, that I gave Mr. D—— a bond in judgment for the two thousand pounds I mentioned as his having lent me to discharge my debts, and a power of attorney to dispose of my estate in Ireland, and pay off the mortgages on it, which amounted to eight thousand pounds, besides some years' interest upon the whole; but as the bond was not due, and I had revoked the power of attorney upon the discovery of my connexion with Mrs. D——, he was left entirely without any security for his money, which it will most certainly never be in my power to pay. But to prevent the possibility of any proceedings against my estate, I have, by the advice of my attorney, filed a bill in Chancery against Mr. D——; which, if it is of no other service, will at least give me time to dispose of every thing I possess, and leave him nothing to claim.

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I am now waiting with the utmost solicitude to hear the event of a trial pending in the Court of King's Bench, and which may probably be decided before this publication may meet the eyes of the world. But whatever the determination of the jury in that business may be, I have very little hope of ever being able to return to *England*, without finishing the last days of a miserable existence in all the horrors of confinement.

In this country I shall at least have one advantage at the moment I close my eyes on the world ; and that is, if I die unpitied, I shall also die unknown ; and if I have not the blessings of the multitude as I sink into my grave, I shall at least avoid the curses and imprecations of injured innocence on my head.



POSTSCRIPT.

MY fate is at length determined.—Since the foregoing pages were committed to the press, I have received the following letter from a friend, which contains the melancholy intelligence of a decree that shuts the ports of *England* against me for ever.

London, Feb. 22, 1792.

‘ *My dear General,*

‘ **T**HE business is over, and I am sorry to tell you that your pastimes with Mrs. D—— are valued at *Five Thousand Pounds*. But do not let this intelligence de-

prefs you ; we shall move for a new trial, place every thing in *statu quo*, and if we can but collect a few weather-beaten scrubs of iniquity to compose the jury, we may still bring you off for *Five Shillings*.

‘ You have very great friends in court, I assure you, and we have every thing to hope from a second trial. Your character is now pretty well known ; every body execrates you, and your infamy is the common topic of discourse ; you have, therefore, *nothing* to lose on the score of reputation ; and a man may easily compound for a little temporary scandal, when *Four Thousand Nine Hundred and Ninety-nine Pounds Fifteen Shillings* is the possible recompense.

‘ Your hints with respect to D—— and Mrs. G——, received some inimitable sets-off, and were represented to the life. The
story

story was well put together on *your* part ; but, between ourselves, it was a most infamous and diabolical scheme of retaliation ; but, *mum!* for that—I am as silent as the grave—though I hope in God the Colonel may not meet you on the Continent. I am told he is a damned impetuous mercurial kind of a fellow ; and should he take the law into his hands, the Lord have mercy on your *honor's* bones !

‘ Your old friend *Betty H*—— swore like an angel, and rolled you on the carpet with admirable dexterity. The game of *blind-man's-buff* went off with infinite *eclat* ; and though *Erskine* mauled you most divinely, I really believe we should have come off with flying colours, in spite of the crusty old puts who composed the jury, had it not been for that damned *sacred deposit*.—Why ’twas like taking the earnest of your ruin!—Ah!

General,

General, General! no other man would ever have split upon that rock; but you *men of honor*, forsooth, can never, as you yourself say, *even in the most desperate situations*, deviate from that *punctilio* which is the rule of your conduct.

‘ Remember me to your *dear little seducer*, and let her know that we shall delay her affair in the Commons as long as possible, for a certain reason. *A-propos*, I beg I may be looked upon as the sponsor of the sweet embryo that is coming. I claim the preference in this particular upon a relationship in *principle*.—As it will be the *child of iniquity*, where can you find so proper a god-father for it as an *attorney*?

I remain,

My dear General,

Yours, &c.

General G——,

‘ P. S. Do you think either your *agent* or *clothier* will stretch as far as five hundred more?—Perhaps you may persuade them to make it up between them.—We have very empty pockets at present; and you know, my dear General, the war cannot be carried on without money.

‘ P. S. It is whispered here, that you have resolved in a fit of compunction to publish your life; but it is surely nothing more than report. For Heaven’s sake, my dear General, mind what you are about—I fear you are ill-advised—at any rate do not mention a word of

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If you touch upon that, a new trial is a joke, and we are all blown up at once.’

Thus

Thus the storm is past, and with it are departed the poor remains of that honor which once adorned my name. In vain the most artful schemes were formed; in vain the most seducing eloquence displayed, to soften the austerity of those virtues that sat in judgment upon me. Neither the infatuating splendor of the one, nor the persuasive villany of the other, joined to the favorable representations of a *merciful* judge, could avert my fate, and turn the bolt of Heaven from its destined object.—I have received the blow, and the wound is sunk too deep, I fear, ever to be healed.

What if I yield to the persuasion of my advocate, and submit my case once more to the compassion of a jury; have I any thing to hope from a tribunal, at which I have been already judged, but additional disgrace, and accumulated ruin? Am I not sufficiently

ciently stigmatized? Will these pretended friends tear the mask from my face, and leave me no covering for features marked with infamy and vice? I would they would cease to goad me:

“ They prune a rotten tree,
That cannot so much as a blossom yield :”

And yet their persecutions know no end.

My mind is the seat of phrensy and distraction. I dare not look forward, for that would be to anticipate a series of evils which are still preserved to mark the latter period of my days; and to look back, is to behold a train of bitter reflections rising, as it were, in judgment against me. The present moment, discoloured as it is, is all I dare survey; and in it I behold the sad *memento* of my former vices and my future punishment. *Oh! that I were*, as Job said, in the piety of

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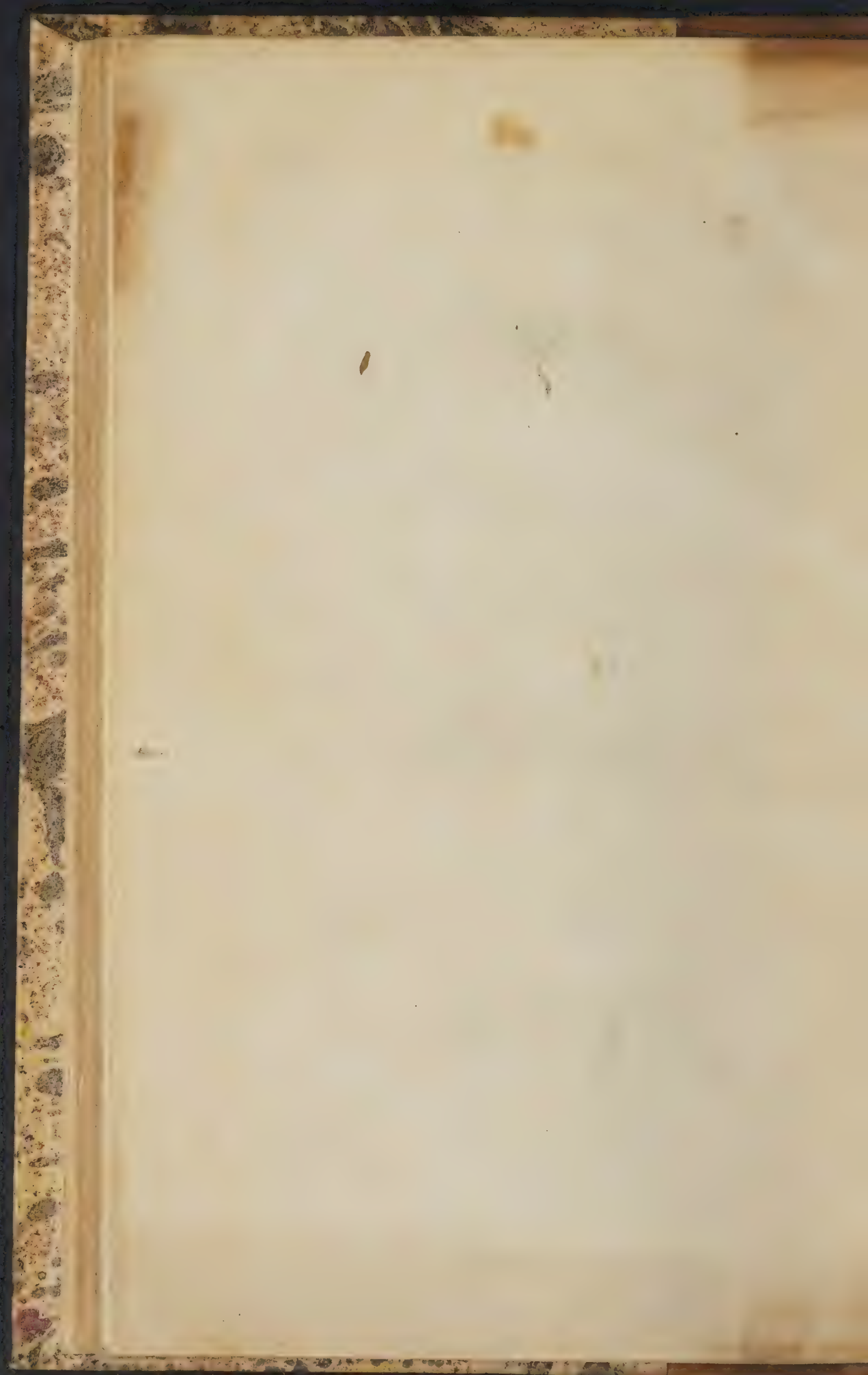
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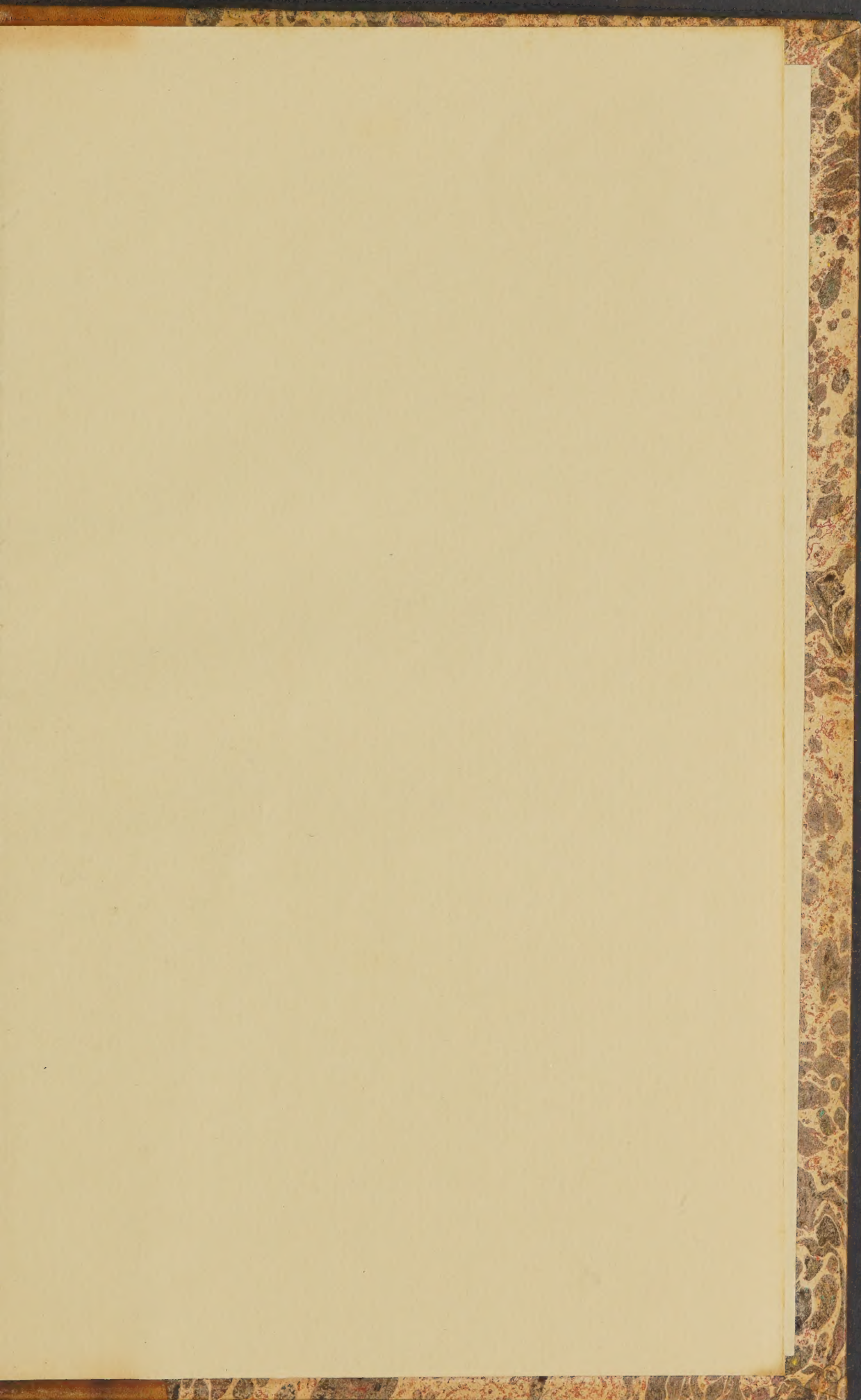
his heart, *as in months past : when I washed my steps with butter, and caused the widow's heart to sing with gladness !* But now the golden scenes, the years of splendor that my faithless fortune promised from my earliest days, are gone for ever ; and I may exclaim with the haughty Wolsey, in the hour of his degradation :

Vain pomp and grandeur of the world, I hate you !

THE END.

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